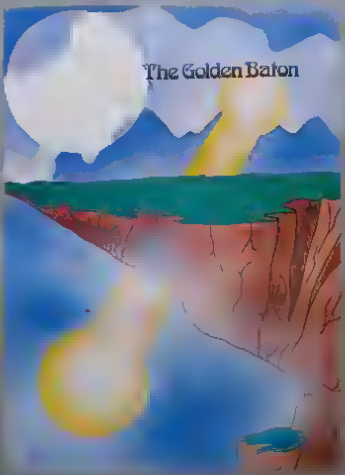
The Golden Baton

THE GOLDEN BATON

Dark clouds their ominously across the rising moon, you emerge as the night silence is suddenly shattered by the fearsome howl of some fell creature deep within the forest. Weary from travelling, unable to force yourself onward, you sink to the ground and lean back against the rock of a huge granite old tree. As your aching limbs slowly relax, you silently sense the rest that lay just to this evil place. The noble cause that initially motivated you in undertaking this deadly mission seems to pale into insignificance against the perils that you have encountered. Your mission is to recover the legendary Golden Baton a priceless artifact that has been worth gold by your race for countless generations. The Baton was stolen from the palace of King Ferrendil, ruler of your homeland. Many learned councellors strongly believe that the Golden Baton holds within it a kind of life-force that maintains and guardians between the forces of good and evil. For many centuries your homelands have enjoyed no wars, no droughts or famine. King Ferrendil fears now for the future of his people as the influence of the Baton has been taken from his hands.

Ever since the Baton was stolen, brave Warriors and hardy knights were sent far and wide through the world in search of this artifact - none ever returned.

So it was that you started out on your journey. Travelling through strange, hostile lands until finally you reached the territory of Evil magic where name is never spoken. An almost tangible feeling of malice pervades the atmosphere and weariness descends upon the traveller like a pall of death.

You draw your robe around yourself in a vain effort to ward off the chill of night and sink into a troubled sleep, morbidly afraid of what the coming days may cast upon you.

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